

THE DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

WEEKLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

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Scribendi recte SAPERE est, et principium, et fons.

Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo.

* * * Dramatic Writers, who desire to have an *early* Review of their Publications, are requested to send a Copy to the Editor, at the Printing-Office.

DRURY-LANE, Friday, Jan. 3, 1800.
RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE. (J. Fletcher.)
LODOISKA.—(J. Kemble.)

IN this play, the great talents of Mr. KEMBLE shine with peculiar lustre. The consummate art, with which he counterfeits the idiot, previous to his marriage with *Magarettta*; and the dignified assertion of his character and rights, after he becomes the husband of that lady, form a contrast truly striking, yet strictly consonant with nature.

G

Miss

Miss MELLON has appeared this season, as the successor of Mrs. JORDAN, in the lower walks of comedy. Her *Eſtifania*, though an avowed copy of her predecessor, is, notwithstanding, entitled to commendation.

Est quoddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.

Miss DE CAMP, in *Lodoiska*, continues to gain, as she deserves, stronger and stronger proofs each night of public favour and esteem. It is with unfeigned pleasure we add, that the whole style of her performance evinces, that, instead of paralyzing her energies, the flattering reception she experiences, operates, as merited praise always will upon a noble mind, as a stimulus to future and increased exertion. The * *gold-medal*, which she wears

* As many of our readers have, no doubt, noticed the circumstance of Miss DE CAMP's wearing this medal, though very few of them, there is reason to suppose, are acquainted with its history, the following explanatory particulars, it is presumed, will not be unacceptable.

Mr. SEDGWICK, duly appreciating the value of Miss DE CAMP's professional aid, engaged that lady to perform for his benefit at Brighton, last season. Miss DE CAMP, on his application, offered her assistance with that readiness to oblige, which forms a distinguishing trait in her character. Her acknowledged reputation filled the house to overflow, and the receipts

wears at her breast, is a tribute of grateful acknowledgment, on the part of one of the performers
of

receipts of the theatre, that night, exceeded all precedent during the whole course of the season. Mr. SEDGWICK pressed upon her acceptance a commensurate pecuniary acknowledgment; but Miss DE CAMP pertinaciously refused, (and in that refusal obstinately persisted) to receive the *smallest fee, or remuneration whatever for her services.* It must here be noticed, that Miss DE CAMP, in volunteering her assistance to act at Brighton, undertook a task of ten-fold inconvenience and fatigue, compared to what performers usually incur, on similar occasions, by mutual accommodation in London. She was two successive nights deprived of rest, by her journey, to and from Brighton, her professional duties at Drury-Lane requiring her attendance the very evening, subsequent to her performance at Brighton.

Finding her inflexible in her determination not to accept of payment, Mr. SEDGWICK privately employed a jeweller to design and execute a medal, which might serve, as well to perpetuate his own gratitude, as the distinguished talents of the lady, whose generosity he wished to compliment. The work was planned with superior taste, and finished in a suitable style of elegance. It was last week presented to Miss DE CAMP, who very delicately appeared in public with this ornament, for the first time, in *Lodoiska*; rightly conceiving, that it must enhance the value of the gift, in the eye of the donor, to wear it in a piece where he himself performs a part. On one side the medal bears the following device:

"Presented by T. SEDGWICK to Miss DE CAMP, who performed for his benefit at Brighthelmstone, 1799."

of Drury-lane, to her professional excellence, and disinterested generosity.

COVENT-

On the reverse, by way of motto, these lines are inscribed:

"Woman to Man undoubtedly may prove
"Her right to friendship, unallied to love:
"And, as a token you've perform'd the part,
"Accept this tribute of a grateful heart."

Appropriate emblems and decorations grace the border.

We dwell with delight upon this topic, as such instances of disinterested generosity, on the one hand, and grateful acknowledgment on the other, reflect equal honour on the wearer's and the donor's heart. Virtue may be "its own reward;"—but it is a duty, which we owe to society at large, to hold up virtuous example for imitation, and for excitement to similar goodness. To rouse the heart of man to active beneficence, nothing is more essential than to inspire him with a due sense of the dignity of human nature. And we shall ever experience a peculiar gratification in refuting that narrow-minded prejudice, which supposes the exercise of virtue and moral propriety incompatible with the theatrical profession.

Finally, to guard against all possibility of misconstruction, and that this public testimony to moral worth and professional excellence may not be attributed to partiality and friendship, Mr. DUTTON solemnly declares, upon the word and honour of a gentleman, that he is, with respect to person, totally unknown to Miss DE CAMP, and never exchanged a word with that lady in his life. But he is not the less acquainted, from sure, unerring sources of intelligence, with her amiable and meritorious character.

COVENT-GARDEN, Friday, Jan. 3, 1800.

ROAD TO RUIN. (*T. Holcroft.*)—VOLCANO.

Dramatic writers, unless they are content to barter lasting reputation for a short-lived notoriety, should ever be cautious how they avail themselves for the ground-work of their plays, of temporary, and local characteristics, which owe their interest solely to the caprice of fashion, and the precarious whim of the day. If they neglect this prudent lesson, they must expect to see their literary honours vanish with the folly, on which they built their hopes of success. Such has been the fate of Mr. HOLCROFT's *Road to Ruin*, which, hinging entirely on what is technically termed the *rage*, (but a *rage*, which has given place to newer absurdities); loses every season an additional portion of its interest, and, of consequence, its public attraction. Such a system of dramatic authorship may suit very well the purpose of *ephemeral play-botchers*, who, destitute themselves of mental powers, must wait for a *Trip to the Nore*, a *Naval Pillar*, or an *Embarkation*, to shroud their own imbecility under the effervescence of popular phrenzy, and fashionable extravagance; but should be rejected with contempt by every legitimate son of the Drama; every writer of talent, possessed of native strength of mind, and irradiated by the bright sun of Genius.

Of

Of the leading characters in the *Road to Ruin*, the part most ably sustained is incontrovertibly that of *Old Dornton*. The most fastidious critic could scarcely wish for a better representative than Mr. MUNDEN.

Mr. LEWIS, as *Goldfinch*, never fails to command the plaudits of the audience ; but, with due deference to superior judgment, we must candidly avow, that to us there appears a degree of *sameness* in his manner, which trenches very closely on insipidity. We have seen this part much better performed by Mr. FAWCETT, at the Haymarket-Theatre.

DRURY-LANE, Saturday, Jan. 4, 1800.
PIZARRO. (*Messrs. Sheridan and Kotzebue*) THE
DEAF LOVER. (*F. Pilon.*)

Were it not for the inimitable acting of Mr. KEMBLE, which never can tire upon the spectator of taste, we should be at a loss to account for the public infatuation, in favour of this heterogeneous compound of *Farce* and *Tragedy*! Each repeated representation (instead of abating its attractions), seems to add to its interest, and the Theatre boasts each night as great an overflow, as on its first production.

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN, Saturday, Jan. 4, 1800.

THE BIRTH DAY.—THE HORSE AND THE WIDOW. (*both manufactured from Kotzebue, by T. Dibdin*).—VOLCANO.

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers, that *The Birth Day* is originally of German parentage, being adapted to the English Stage from *Kotzebue's Reconciliation*. Whilst we are willing to admit the propriety of many of the alterations, which Mr. T. DIBDIN has been induced to make, we cannot refrain from disputing his judgment, in transferring the office of *mediator* from the common friend and physician of the two parties at variance, to a person, who is son to the one, and nephew to the other. That two brothers, living in a state of open and avowed hostility, may, notwithstanding their reciprocal animosity, call in the aid of the same medical gentleman, from a high opinion of his professional skill, is a case strictly within the limits of probability, and which has, no doubt, repeatedly occurred in actual life. That, in the course of his visits, this || gentleman should obtain the confidence of both parties, individually; and that (viewing the cause of their unhappy quarrel in the light of cool reflection

|| In *Kotzebue's Drama* it is Doctor Bluhm, not the son of one of the parties, that effects a reconciliation between the two brothers.

reflection, unwarped by passion, and interest) he should find the object, for which they have been so long contending, unworthy of such inveterate strife; and thence conceive the generous design of gradually pacifying their mutual resentment, and eventually effecting a happy *Reconciliation*—this, likewise, is a circumstance at once probable, practicable, and meritorious. But, that young *Bertram* should be the *mediator* and *go-between* in this quarrel; and that neither the father, nor the uncle, (both of them blest with the unimpaired faculty of *eye-sight*!) should recognize so near a relative!—this, we must confess, is a refinement upon improbability, which establishes Mr. DIBBIN's claim to the *sublime* and *wonderful*, beyond the possibility of doubt and contradiction!!! An adventure of this nature involves such a complicated series of contrarities and absurdity, as could not fail, one should imagine, immediately to strike the observation of every enlightened reader or spectator. Yet, strange to tell! these glaring incongruities have totally escaped the pur-blind optics of *Newspaper Critics*, and *Monthly Reviewers*!

With respect to the merits of the performers, Mr. MUNDEN, in the character of an old weather-beaten sea-captain; and Mr. FAWCETT, as his faithful servant and comrade *Junk!* justly claim the pre-eminence. Their parts are evidently copies of

Sterne's

Sterne's exquisite delineation of *Uncle Toby*, and *Corporal Trim*. Mr. MURRAY has a short part, which he sustains with his accustomed ability and accuracy. Mrs. POPE's *Emma* would find a more able representative, in the person of Miss MURRAY. Sorry are we, that a due regard to truth and critical integrity compels us to animadvert so strongly upon Mrs. POPE's style of performance. It is, we can assure that lady, with sincere reluctance we execute this unpleasant part of our censorial function; but as our remarks originate in motives of pure benevolence, and are intended to point out, at once her *error* and the *means of reformation*, we hope they will meet with appropriate attention, and be gratefully received. Mrs. POPE has, beyond dispute, the advantages of a genteel person, and engaging countenance, in her favour; nor is she destitute of talents. But unhappily, she has forsaken the path of *Nature* and *Simplicity* for the devious maze of *Art*; whence, unless seconded by wholesome advice and a firm determination, on her part, to extricate herself, her return to chaste, unsophisticated acting, will be found a hopeless and impracticable task.

The intermediate piece, entitled *The Horse and the Widow*, but for the *mushroom* celebrity of the German author, would be, in every sense of the word, beneath the dignity of criticism. It is a production remarkable only for its dullness, puerility, and

stale attempts at humour, which would disgrace the pen of a school-boy. And yet there are writers, and *soi-disant* critics in this country, who, in the plenitude of their arrogance and blind zeal, have thought proper to baptize this self-same *Kotzebue*, by the name of the *German Shakespeare*!

DRURY-LANE, Monday, Jan. 6, 1800.
LOVE MAKES A MAN. (*C. Cibber.*)—LODOISKA.

There is more business, incident and humour in this play, than would suffice for half a dozen of modern comedies of *recent* date; and yet (such is the caprice of fashion, such the waywardness of the public taste) it rarely succeeds in drawing a good house. For this seeming paradox two principal causes may be assigned. The character of *Cludio*, though sketched with a masterly hand, is not the fop of the present day, and consequently loses its local interest. The same remark will apply to others of the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the second place, the parts are far from being *well cast*; nor can we praise the general manner, in which this comedy is got up. There seems to be a perverse and impolitic system introduced of late years in the management of this theatre, in virtue of which certain plays are suffered to remain in a state of *flovenly representation*, to serve as a kind of *stage lumber*

lumber, on which the manager can immediately lay his hand, when, (confident of a good *half-price*, from the popularity of his *after-piece*,) he wants something, no matter what, to fill up the intermediate space of time. This is a system, however, which in the event cannot fail to prove equally injurious to the interest of the proprietors, and the gratification of that part of the audience, who pay the *full* amount of admission. As such, it cannot be too strongly reprobated. It is a hard case, indeed, that the lover of legitimate drama must submit to have the *refuse* of the theatrical stock in trade palmed upon him; because the major part of a *half-price* audience are content to forego rational entertainment for the puerile attractions of a pantomime, in which light we consider all productions of a similar description with *Blue-Beard*, *Lodisca*, &c.

In the concluding scenes of this comedy, humour is degraded into absolute buffoonery, in the *repartees* and sarcasms, which pass between *Cladio*, and his *tisty uncle*. This may answer very well the purpose of setting the galleries in a roar; but "cannot fail to make the *judicious* grieve; the censure of "one of which ought to outweigh a whole theatre of others."

Mr. BARRYMORE, being recovered from his rheumatic complaint, appeared to advantage in the *afterpiece*

terpiece of *Lodoiska*, in his old character of *Kera Khan*. He is avowedly the best *stage-tyrant*, the theatre can boast.

COVENT-GARDEN, Monday, Jan. 6, 1800.
INCLE AND YARICO. (G. Colman.)—VOLCANO.

Mr. FAWCETT being seized with a sudden illness in the morning, the part of *Trudge* devolved upon Mr. KNIGHT. The humour of this latter gentleman is of a far chaster nature than his predecessor's; but, probably, for that very reason, less calculated to please the coarse intellects of the gallery.

Mrs. POPE's *Yarico* is one of her best parts. In a character like this, which admits in a certain degree of the *outré*, the general defects of her style of acting do not obtrude themselves so glaringly upon our observance. Mrs. MARTYR plays the part of *Wowski* with spirit.

It is a fortunate circumstance for the author of this piece, that it was brought out prior to certain late events, which have obliged the legislature to keep a stricter eye over both the press and the stage. There are several satirical sallies, in Act II. on the morality of *Christian* countries, which, we are

are persuaded, would never, in the present temper of the times, obtain the *fiat* of the Licensor. And indeed, the interest of the piece, would not be in the least affected by their omission.

DRURY-LANE, Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1800.

PIZARRO. (*Sheridan, & Kotzebue.*)—LYING VALET.
(*D. Garrick.*)

To judge from the crowded houses this play never fails to draw, the proprietors of Drury-lane would only render themselves guilty of a charge of prodigality, and liable to an impeachment of waste, by incurring any expence by the production of novelties. As long as the infatuation (it deserves no other name) for this splendid *spectacle* lasts; as long as the town chooses to be *gulled* with repetition upon repetition, the manager may persist in physicking them, even to *nausea*.

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

Miss HEARD, as the disguised *Melissa*, in the after-piece, appears to great advantage *in breeches*.

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN, Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1800.
THE BEAUX STRATAGEM. (G. Farquhar.)—
VOLCANO.

This sprightly and entertaining comedy attracted a very good house, and was received with warm applause. A Miss MILLS (a relation of the actress of that name) made her *debut* this night on the London stage, in the character of *Cherry*. If candour obliges us to remark, that she exhibited no prominent features of excellence in her performance, it must, on the other hand, be acknowledged, that she furnished as little cause for pointed censure and animadversion.

Mrs. H. JOHNSTONE has been brought forward this season, as the representative of *Dorinda*. This lady certainly possesses merit; but she does not appear to have a right conception of the part. She throws too much of the *Hoyden* into her performance; and this evening, in particular, had too much occasion for the *Prompter*.

Mr. MUNDEN, in the ludicrous part of *Scrub*, frequently set the house in a roar of laughter. But his delineation bordered too much upon *caricature*, and was evidently calculated for the *galleries*. When he addresses himself to the ladies of the family, the affected airs he assumes, and his *laboured* ridiculous bows,

bows, are totally inconsistent (however clownish, and awkward the manners of *Scrub* may be supposed to be) with that respect, which befits the dependant situation of a menial servant.

Mr. LEWIS, with the exception of those repeated pauses and breaks in the middle of his sentences, which form a characteristic defect in his performance, and which, we fear, time and habit have rendered too inveterate to leave any hopes of reform; was very happy in his delineation of *Archer*. He possesses from nature a peculiar vein of sprightliness and gaiety, which admirably accords with characters of this description.

Mr. POPE, as *Lord Aimwell*, was passable; and Mr. EMERY proved himself qualified to act the part of *Gibbet*.

DRURY-LANE, Wednesday, Jan. 8; 1800.

THE SECRET. (E. Morris.)—LODOISKA.

This play continues to experience a degree of public favour, encouragement, and predilection, to which its *intrinsic* merits, in our humble opinion, are little entitled. Of glaring faults and absurdities we do not accuse it; but, at the same time that it is exempt from vulgarities, and coarseness, it is equally destitute of those characteristics, which evince

evince superior genius, and sublimity of mind. The plot is far from satisfactory ; the dialogue, though not disgraced, like too many of our modern productions, by a want of grammatical knowledge, and idiomatic propriety, is, notwithstanding, flimsy, and, with respect to style, frequently vague and indefinite. The several component parts are not adequately linked and incorporated with each other: nor has the author been sufficiently attentive, in the conduct of his fable, to the laws of probability. The rendezvous of *Lizard's* whole family of *spungers* at *Torrid's* place of abode is effected by a fortunate combination of circumstances, which borders too much upon the *marvellous*. We mean not to arraign his journey to *Torrid's* mansion with his daughter *Susannah*; nor the subsequent arrival of *Jem*, and *Jerry*. But that *Jack* (to use a homely phrase) should make his appearance at this critical juncture, and pop upon them *in the very nick of time*, without any appointment on his father's part; this in our opinion, is a circumstance, which requires a more plausible reason than his riding 200 miles, in company with a dissipated man of fashion to look at a horse.

The *under-plot*, if we may give it that title, in which *Mr. Dorville* and *Lady Esther* act so conspicuous a part, is, likewise, liable to considerable objections. It is not only *stale*, considered in reference to the leading incidents; but is at the same time not judiciously blended and incorporated with the general interest of the piece.

Viewed

Viewed in a moral light, we highly approve of the wholesome lesson Mr. Dorvilles conduct inculcates to landlords and proprietors of manors; but the author should remember, that there is a possibility (to make use of an old, but wise adage) of *having too much of a good thing*. Two tenants running a race, and formally disputing with each other, who shall have the honour of throwing away 500l. is a scene which favours more of *caricature* and *burlesque*, than of probability, and the actual usages of life.

Lastly, we shall observe, that the author approximates too much to the style of *novel writing*. We could not repress an involuntary smile, when we heard the heroine of this play speak of herself in the *third person*: “Poor Rosa!” &c. There is, likewise, an affectation of sentiment, which produced only a ludicrous effect upon the mind. “Do I lean heavy, Henry?”

Upon the whole, we cannot help considering *The Secret*, notwithstanding its celebrity and success, as a play of very inferior pretensions. If we allow it, as we most sincerely do, to be a *harmless*, and in many respects, a very *moral* drama, this is the utmost we can say in its favour. Too *slimy* in some parts, and too *grave* in others, it seems to form a kind of medium, between a *Sermon* and a *Farce*.

Mrs. JORDAN having (to adopt a fashionable phrase) *seceded* from her professional duties, the part of *Rosa* found an able substitute in Miss BIGGS, whose interesting manner, (if we except her vocal inferiority), fully compensated for the absence of her predecessor. Mrs. POWELL sustained the character of *Lady Eliza Dorville*, with ability, Mr. BANNISTER drew the line very happily between overcharged sentimental declamation, and flippancy of harangue. The part of the *Elder Lizard* is admirably adapted for the comic powers of Mr. SUETT, which he has an opportunity of displaying to full advantage, without descending to buffoonery and grimace. Mr. DOWTON gave a correct delineation of *Old Torrid*; and Miss POPE was, as she always is, perfectly at home in her part, as the *virgin* daughter of *Lizard*, straining every nerve to procure a husband.

COVENT-GARDEN, Wednesday, Jan. 8, 1800.
THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND, (Dr. Hoadley.) VOL-
CANO.

We consider it, as an irrefragable proof of the prevalence of false taste, that this lively and busy comedy, ranks at present in the list of what are technically denominated *box-plays*. Replete with incident; well, (and even, at times, high) season'd

fond with humour, repartee, and *equivoques*, of very palpable allusion ; yet, inculcating withall, a weighty moral, of general utility, by exposing the self-tormenting folly of jealousy, on the one hand ; and the evils of libertine principles, on the other ; we should have hoped, that a play of this description might command a good house ; especially, when we see the Theatres overflowing, night after night, with the crude abortions of *Kotzebue*, and the still more senseless productions of our own native *play botchers*, who succeed but too well in cramming their vile trash down the public throat, by the help of a little *sing-song*, a little attention to the whim of the day ; and above all, by an equally consummate degree of impudence, meanness, and conceit. When an audience can once bring their stomachs to digest such nauseous fare, as *Turnpike-gate* and *Embarkation-mongers* dish up for them ; when they can patiently witness the representation of pieces patched together by writers, who neither possess genius, nor education—writers, who are equally destitute of ideas, and the power of expressing ideas (if they were capable of forming any,) in appropriate language ; when once the taste of the town is debauched to so hopeless a degree as this, legitimate drama must look for a very cool and forbidding reception. Then is the time for your *F—l—ns* ; your *D—s* ; your *S—s* ; your *L—s* ; and the whole *et cetera* of this

this vile herd of illiterate *play-mongers* to watch their opportunity, and gather in the harvest of associated dullness and impudence.

But to return from this digression, to the immediate consideration of the play itself we conceive the character of *Ranger* to be one of Mr. LEWIS's very best parts. His delineation of the gay libertine, blending all the loose propensities of the rake with the nobler sentiments of honour, and justice to his friend, is a true transcript of nature.

Mr. MURRAY, as *Strickland*, was in manner, in look, and in delivery, the very character which the author designed. He evinced a command of countenance, which spoke the part, if we may be allowed the paradox, without words. A dramatic writer need never wish to have a more accurate expositor of his ideas. To uncommon justness of concept, Mr. MURRAY joins equal powers of expression; he is, beyond controversy, the very first declaimer the stage of Covent-garden can boast.

Happy should we be, could we give as favourable a report of Mr. HOLMAN's performance, in the character of *Frankly*. But, alas! what a woeful falling-off was here! A more insipid, tame, unimpassioned lover we never witnessed on the Stage.

His

His delivery was the precise antitype of a school-boy reciting his lesson or a *parish-clerk* giving out a stave. A parrot might be brought to rival him in declamation.

"*I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak.*"

Bellamy found a much more able representative, in Mr. CLAREMONT.

Mrs. MILLS performed the part of *Jacintha* with spirit, and a pleasing degree of archness. Miss CHAPMAN, as *Mrs. Strickland*, we thought, looked rather more sullen and peevish than the character required. Whether *Ranger* pressed the question *too home* to her, or not, it is out of our power to determine.

Miss BETTERTON's *Clarinda*, favours too much of the cast and manners of a *demirep*. She is a gay, lively, coquet, but ought to be free from every trait of vulgarity.

DRURY-LANE, Thursday, Jan. 9, 1800.

The RIVALS. (*R. B. Sheridan*)—LONOISKA.

Comedy is, in no shape whatever, the line in which nature has destined Mr. KEMBLE to walk. His *Falkland* is, at best, but entitled to the praise of mediocrity. We regret to see talents of the first eminence,

eminence, when exerted in their proper sphere, degraded to the level of common capacity, by a mistaken application.

Miss MELLON's *Lydia Languish*, like most of her parts in this line, is a copy of Mrs. JORDAN's style of acting. But, in making this remark, we should be sorry to discourage this actress, who certainly possesses no mean comic powers.

Mr. POWELL, as *Captain Absolute*, acquits himself with credit; and Mr. DOWTON personates *Sir Anthony* with success. Miss POPE is very happy in her delineation of Mrs. *Malaprop*; but Mr. BANNISTER launches too much into the *outré* and extravagant in his performance of *Acres*. Mr. PALMER, as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, sustained this eccentric character with humour.

COVENT-GARDEN, Thursday, Jan. 9, 1800.
The BIRTH-DAY. (From *Kotzebue*, by Mr. Dibdin.)—The VOLCANO.

We have already sufficiently descanted upon the merits of this Anglo-German Drama. We shall, therefore, only add, that among other inaccuracies, which we noticed in the representation, the constant use of the conditional conjunction *if*, instead of the interrogatory *whether*, calls loudly for

for animadversion and correction. Grammatical blunders are certainly inexcusable in writers, who pretend to direct as well the taste, as the amusement of the town.

Mrs. DAVENPORT's acting, in the character of Mrs. *Moral*, ought not to be passed over without commendation.

Before we dismiss this subject, we must take the liberty of remarking, that both the *Captain*, and his old servant *Junk*, indulge themselves in the privilege of *cursing* and *swearing*, with a greater degree of latitude and licence, than to us appears necessary for the preservation of their nautical character. Ever and anon, they rap out oaths in profusion, which, on account of their coarseness, and profaneness, ought to be very sparingly made use of on the stage. A little retrenchment, in this particular, would greatly improve the piece.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

Reluctant to widen a breach between two parties, by a *premature* disclosure of facts, whilst there exists a possibility of bringing the dispute to an amicable adjustment, we cautiously refrain, though

no

no strangers to the business in question, from interfering in the controversy between the Performers and the Manager of Covent-Garden Theatre. Whilst we admit, that the Performers have made out, in many respects, a strong plea of grievance, we entertain no doubt but the liberality and justice of the managers will induce them to offer adequate compensation and redress.

The RING, or LOVE ME FOR MYSELF, announced for representation next week, at Drury-Lane, as a *New Musical After-piece*, is a *Revival*, under a different name, and with considerable alterations, of Mr. LINLEY's unsuccessful entertainment, entitled *The Pavillion*. According to *Green-Room* report, nearly the whole of the dialogue has been re-written.

It appears that the wholesome restraint we have attempted to impose upon the wantonness and tyranny of *Newspapers*, has not wholly failed of the desired effect. We have searched the different diurnal prints this week, with great care, and have scarcely been able to discover a single paragraph in them, relating to theatricals. We are happy to perceive, that the lecture we had occasion to read to them last week, has not been thrown away.

As THE STRANGER is announced for representation this Evening, we have been led to postpone our promised Review of THE GERMAN THEATRE till the next Number. Probably most of our Readers are apprized, that THE GERMAN THEATRE commences with the Drama of THE STRANGER.